

By COL. JOHN R. MUSICK.

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CHAPTER XXXI. JOHN REDGRAVE'S FATE.

The fatal evening for the raid by the The fatal evening for the rate by the river pirates on Nelson's Landing came. The night was favorable for such a fiendish design. Early in the afternoon Capt. Mark and two or three more had stolen to the old wreck. Early in the afternoon John Redgrave came, with his face pale from debauch and his nerves all unstrung. He was soler now, but it was from necessity.

We have to talk over some very important matters now and we don't want your head addled until we've got everything settled."
"Well, what ye got to settle?"
"John, the old man's gone back on you,

"I thought he had; won't give you a

"Well, John, you will have to earn some "I won't work," declared John. "I'm not a nigger, an' I won't work."

"But the job we've laid out for you is a nice, genteel one, you know. You are only required to go with us and help count the money after some of our boys have opened the way to it."

"Uncle Owen's already disgraced me by the work of the way to it."

marryin', an' then he turned me adrift, an' I don't keer what becomes o' me," he de-clared. "I guess I'll go." It was a long row up the river to Nelson's Landing, but so diligently did the men bend to their oars that by 2 o'clock in

morning they were in the vicinity of Nelson's Landing.

The boats ran slowly up to the landing, and came into shore. A man leaped from each boat with a line and pulled them

closer into shore.

The others leaped to the stony land, and finally came John Redgrave's turn. He objected to leaving the boat.

"Oh, boys, what do you want me to go for?" he asked. "There are enough of you want me to go for?" he asked. without me and there is no sense in me

Yes, there is, John," said Capt. Mark. "Yes, there is, John," said Capt. Mark.

"You must come, for we want all."

John was assured that there was no danger, as everybody was asleep, and the money easy to reach. At last they told him he would have a flask of excellent old rye whisky if he only consented to go with them; which settled the matter. Capt. Mark and George went to the store and passed completely around it, looking at it from every side.

back to the boys, and you can commence

A bullet pierced his back, and he was dead. They turned him over and it was John Redgrave.

but justice ens fall.

"The sance with

CHAPTER XXXII.

at last. He had never lost hope, though all along he had entertained a vague dread of the result. His conscience was clear, for he knew that if the man was dead he had slain him in self-defense. None of Frank's friends had seen La Flore since his alleged murder, and none dreamed that he lived. It had been John Redgrave's relieve to keep him out of the water matter. policy to keep him out of the way until his dangerous rival was hanged, and after John Redgrave's death his companions, who knew that La Flore lived, had motives their own for keeping the fact secret. Owen, after his return from the

after the prisoner, pale, but calm, was led into the court room, and seated, a slight form glided within the rail, and a lovely face was raised to the Judge, while a voice full of tender entreaty appealed to the court:

"May I sit by him?"
The astonished Judge fixed his stern to the old wreck. Early in the afternoon John Redgrave came, with his face pale from debauch and his nerves all unstrung. He was sober now, but it was from necessary beside Frank Vernon, who greeted

He was sober now, but it was from necessity.

That craving for drink common in every inebriate almost drove him mad. He had ceased to drink, because his Uncle Owen had refused to give him more money or be responsible for any further debts he might contract. John was in truth and reality in a desperate strait.

On entering the presence of Capt. Mark and the others he groaned:

"Give me something to steady my nerves. The still's closed. Not a gill of high wines or even sour mash, and I am dying."

Capt. Mark took a flask from an inside pocket of his coat, and filling a very small glass gave it to him to drink.

"That will de you for the present, John. We have to talk over some very important mainters now and we drow white a first same might, and she took her seat beside Frank Vernon, who greeted her with a loving look.

"The evidence closed with a strong case made out against the Revenue officer. When the argument commenced the prose-two officer. When the had never known of a more cold-blooded murder in all his life. This was no case of murder in all his life. This was no case of murder in all his life. This was no case of murder in all his life. This was no case of murder in all his life. This was no case of murder in all his life. This was no take old blooded downright murder, and nothing else, and the defendant, so devoid of every instinct of manhood, must suffer the highest penalty of the law for the offense of which he was guilty.

The vill a loving look.

"La Flore—you here!" she gasped. "Yes," he answered with a fiendish smile. "Mallina, you can't escape me; whiy longer try?"

"Go away, La Flore. You are the bane of my existence. You are a monster, as demon."

"I'm in the business of devil-making, it is the second degree, it was cold blooded, downright murder, and nothing else, and is trying to hang an innocent man."

"I'm know—I know," she cried. "They have arrested Frank Vernon for your murder."

"I'm know—I know," she cried. "And he will hang."

"I'm know—I know," she cried. "And he will hang."

"I'm kn



"NO, NO, NO! YOU SHALL NOT HANG HIM, YOU SHALL NOT!" SHRIEKED LILLIE.

Vernon, he would have been amused at the efforts of the prosecution to besmirch his own character, and make out the man who had been slain an angel.

The lawyers for the defense followed

"He shall not; you live and I will tell them so."

"But you dare not show your, face in court. You have a little account standing against you there."

"I'll go, anyway; yes, in order to save

"We have," answered the foreman.
"Will you pass the verdict to the clerk?"
The foreman handed a folded paper to white face becoming perfectly demoniacal.
"I am glad to renew your acquaintance." The men could be dimly seen grouped about the store building. George went to one of the windows and seized a shutter.

The foreman handed a folded paper to the clerk, who opening it, read;

"We the jury find the defendant guilty in the first degree and assess."

ed back, threw his hands to his face, and and threw her arms about the prisoner's fell.

A perfect fusillade rained on the men arms about the prisoner's neck.

A perfect fusillade rained on the men overcome, but fearing the dignity of the court might be injured, ordered the Sheriff the others fired a volley in return, and to remove the noisy young woman.

The others fired a volley in return, and to remove the noisy young woman.

where Mark and his part of the burgiars stood bullets whizzed and struck up the dirt.

"To the boats, boys; to the boats," yelled Capt. Mark at the top of his voice. There was a wild scampering down the sloping common toward the river. Two of the robbers who had been wounded were carried off, but George, whose head had been shattered by a charge of buckshot, was left where he had fallen. Mark and his party were flying toward the boats, and had gone about half way, when John Redgrave gave utterance to a cry of agony, and throwing up his hands fell. The others ran on, but he lay still, never moving after he fell. His hat had rolled several inches away, and the wind played with his hair.

Men came with lanterns and torches to look for the robbers. One was found near the store, his brains blown out and face black and unrecognizable, and a little farther on lay another, on his face.

A-bullet pierced his back, and he was dead. They turned him over and it was selected that he was dead. They turned him over and it was selected that was dead. They turned him over and it was selected that was dead. They turned him over and it was dead. They turned him over and it was dead. They turned him over and it was selected this back, and he was dead. They turned him over and it was selected this back, and he was dead. They turned him over and it was selected the control of the respectation. The sentence of this court, in accord.

ens fall.

"The sentence of this court, in accordance with the verdict of the jury, is that on the 13th day of December, next, the Sheriff of this County shall take you into the jail yard, and hang you by the neck, until you are dead, dead, dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

The Sheriff then led the prisoner from the court-room to the jail, where he was locked up in his cell. His time on earth was very short, and there was little hope of executive clemency.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

who knew that La Flore lived, had motives of their own for keeping he fact secret. Uncle Owen, after his return from the fruitless search for his wife, became interested in the young Revenue officer. He called to see him. engaged additional counsel, and bore evidence as to his good character.

But the Redgrave name had fallen into disrepute. Uncle Owen, esponsing the cause of his wife, who was charged with the murder of his sister-in-law, became himself a suspect. His nephew having been slain in an attempted robbery started the false report that he himself had been guilty of like acts.

The enemies of Owen Redgrave, those who had envied him in prosperity, now felt sure that he owed his prosperity to outlawry. Many shook their heads and muttered:

"I allers wondered how he got so rich. It's plain as day now."

Though these unjust rumors and suspicions were rife, none dared go so far as to attempt an indictment, or to issue a warrant against Mr. Redgrave.

Mr. Redgrave's influence, at one time almost unbounded, was now practically gone. Then when he came to testify on the witness stand he knew nothing whatever about the ease, save that Mr. Frank Vernon possessed an excellent character.

Witnesses were Introduced in rebuttato prove that Owen Redgrave's reputation for truth and veracity had become had, and the jury of course was not expected to believe him.

Uncle Owen and Liilie Bunkles were the only friendly visitors the unfortunate prisoner had had. Others came, but they had the process were worked as and eterities, whose chief object was to entangle him in some statement and convict him on his own evidence.

On the morning of the trial, shortly

Had it not been so serious for Frank | "He shall not; you live and I will tell

He sprang at the youth, who struck at After some little trouble he succeeded in opening it.

He was about to raise the window when there came a blinding flash, accompanied by an earthquaking report. George started back, threw his hands to his face, and threw her arms about the prisoner's and threw her arms about the prisoner's in a crimson fountain from his brave, hon-

The others fired a volley in return, and fied.

The others fired a volley in return, and fied.

Death and fury!" roared Capt. Mark.

"We are betrayed."

The town so quiet and peaceful a moment before was now alive with people, and shots blazed from every window. Even where Mark and his part of the burglars stood bullets whizzed and struck up the dirt.

Court might be injured, ordered the Sheriff to remove the noisy young woman.

Lillie was carried out in an insensible condition, and as soon as quiet could be restored the condemned prisoner was ordered to stand up and receive the sentence of the court.

"Frank Vernon," said the Judge in his awful voice, "a jury of your countrymen after a fair and impartial trial, have found for this in the arms of one he loved so well. A shudder passed over his farme, and his limbs stiffened in death.

"And this is your work" said Malina.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The whole country was electrified and horrorstruck by another mysterious murder. The news reached the ears of Owen Redgrave. It was two days after the sentence of Frank Vernon to death, and Simon, who was again in Collinsville, had come up to see his friend, who was disconsolate and almost on the verge of in-

Rheumatism

Does not let go of you when you apply lotions or liniments. It simply loosens its hold for a while. Why? Because to get rid of it you must correct the acid condition of the klood on which it depends. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands.

"It seems closed for the night," said Capt. Mark. "I am going to the house, where the chances for trouble are greater."
"I'n of the opinion old Jonathan Myers will fight if he is waked."
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"I'n of the opinion old Jonathan Myers will fight if he is waked."
"I'll seems closed for the night," said the remainder of his gang were defend the prosecution closed, and the shift of the instance of the same property of the married was reported to lave killed, me she married was reported to lave killed, me she married shis life it will go and risk mine. "I'll go, anyway; yes in order, to said a mich le early says and see years old, he married was reported to lave killed, me she married black with long and earnest appeals to the his life it will go and risk mine. "None will believe you. if you do." "One through that best." is lifed from me, She met you. When Vernon arrested for the Nelson's Landing and arrested for the Nelson's Landing arrested for the Nelson's Landing and ar

consolate and almost on the verge of insanity.

The appearance of Simon Snoddy at the Redgrave mansion brought pleasure to the stricken owner. "Simon, I am glad to see you," said Uncle Owen, Pre got somethin" to tell the home, her pale, said, sweet face bowed in her hands. With a return of that horror an ewspaper which contained an account of the murder of Tom Turner, the escape of the sassasin, and the illness of the strange and which had hanted her for so many years. There was no rest for her, she thought. She could only recover health to restime the everlasting tramporation of the strange of

Meanwhile the two men at the door below had hammered and knocked until they
awoke the farmer, who wanted to know
what was the matter. They answered they
had come to find a strange ledy who

what was the matter. They answered they had come to find a strange lady who was in the house.

"You mean the sick gal, I guess."

"Yes; open the door."

The owner of the house opened the door, and there came a confused murmuring of voices below. Malina heard them, but they seemed very far off. She heard footsteps ascending the narrow stairway, and then came a knock at her door, then the door was pushed open. A candle was burning on the shelf in her room, which threw a light into the face of the man who had entered.

She started up with a quick, nervous cry;

"Malina, my wife; found at last!" and Uncle Owen held his wife in his arms.

At the pension that he gets, Right here I want to tell you, And keep it under your hat—You ought to get six months in jail and twice a year at that, Without Thirteen dollars a month.

And you ought to live on hardtack And get an elegant fill Of the water the poor old fellow drank I have you when your year is up The lesson you were taught Might shew you why we pension those Old veterans who fought For Thirteen dollars a month.

Harst S. Christen.

and most for her and have her arrested.

THE END.

He will file had been black with crime by the content of the

"Missis Redgrave, ye must han use give or have been and the control of the contro

se, ringe on their left; the sun had, we seem had, we seem had been to be the fall Yankee. The air resounded with yelfs. The air resounded with yelfs are the fall of the fall year father were seas for issue from the bushes and the reports of an amount of the fall of the fall year father were seas for issue from the bushes and the reports of an amount of the fall of the fall year for the bushes and the reports of an amount of the fall of the fall

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a vigorous, energetic, systematic cam-paign to secure the election of Comrade James M. Snyder, Past Commander, Wm. B. Tibbitts Post, 141, Troy, N. Y., as Department Commander. The Association the Department, urging the reasons that prompt them to ask for Comrade Snyder's election. In addition to urgent and extensive correspondence with Posts and individuals, the Association has created delegations which visit Posts in one County after

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Spots on Eye. Teak Eye. Distance Eye. Dices. Scars
Spots on Eye. Teak Eye. Distance I was the imanager. He told all the Chicago capitalists who came to that office. He made
their mouths water. The next day Pymacher brought in a lemon pie, an iriderent dream, a tender flower. Half a
lozen millionaires ate of it. with tears of
ioy and thanksgiving. "What shall we
do for Mrs. Pymacher? Shall we build
her a monument?" "Buy her a hundred
slares of Northern Pacific," saye Gates.
So they bought her 100 shares at 11314,
old it at 135. The next day came the corver, and a share of Northern Pacific," saye Gates.
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So they bought her 100 shares at 11314,
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very blind. Address.

So they bought her 100 shares at 11314,
old it at 135. The next day came the corvery and the capper was the corvery and

For Kidneys,

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and entered the army in 1862 as a Captain in the 24th Mass. Later he was transferred to the Commissary Department and received promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel.